Discover

Mark's Adventure in Erif-Wons

swords   knights   adventure

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Chapter 1 by Jonnie Green- Movie Maker Jedi and Super Awesome Story Writer (P.S. This is a SECRET identity)

Mark was walking late one night in the woods behind his house. The stars twinkled brightly above him in the cloudless night sky. There was a slight breeze that swayed the top branches of the oak trees above him. The night air was warm, and the breeze was welcome in these hot summer months.

Mark was a tall lad of fourteen. He had intense grey eyes and slightly curly light brown hair. Mark wore a deep blue tunic that was slightly frayed at the edges and dark brown breeches beneath that. His right hand rested lightly on the sword hilt, the weapon which slept quietly in its sheath at his side in the leather belt he wore about his waist.

It was not that Mark was uneasy being in the woods alone at night... though there had been bears in these woods... Mark had his weapon with him because he was one of many young vigilantes that had sprung up since King William the Wise had passed on and his Knights of Justice had disbanded. At the moment, Erif-Wons had no ruling monarch, and it was every man for himself.

But that night, as Mark looked into the darkened depths of the oak forest... A cold feeling of fear settled into his bones. A shadow lurked in the trees there... It moved!

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Then suddenly, a man with a blazing sword appeared in front of Mark.

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